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The Mirror

OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1021.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1840.

[PRICE 2d.



THE AULD BRIG OF DOON.

Our readers are here presented with another illustration to Burns' Works—a memento, we trust, that will be acceptable to the lovers of genius, and the admirers of Scotland—the famous "Auld Brig of Doon," which is said to have been built so far back as the reign of Alexander III., [A.D. 1249 to 1285] by two maiden sisters, who devoted their whole fortunes to this patriotic purpose, and whose effigies were, till lately, shown in a faded condition, upon a stone in the eastern parapet, near the south end of the fabric.

The county of Ayr constitutes a large part of the western coast of Scotland, to the south of the embouchure of the Clyde. Forming one large inclined plane towards the sea, it is intersected in its breadth by several rivers, such as the Irvine, the Ayr, and the Doon, all of which are rich in poetical association. "The Doon," says Chambers, "was the river of Burns's boyhood; the Ayr of his youth and manhood." The road, immediately after passing Burns's birth-place, and the ruins of Alloway Kirk, crosses the Ayr, by a modern bridge of one arch; and, at the distance of a

hundred yards further up the river, is the "Auld Brig," which Burns thus describes:—

"Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
The very wrinkl'd Gothic in his face;
He seem'd as he wi' time had wrested lang,
Yet toughly dour, he hade an unco bang."

In the above poem, a conversation occurs between the Old and the New Bridges; the Auld Brithus retorts on the sarcastic remarks of the New one:—

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
And though wi' craty cild I'm said for fairin,
I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless calm!
As yet ye little ken about the matter,
But twa-thre' winters will inform ye better.
When heavy, dark, continued a'-day rains,
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
When from the hills where springs the brawling coo,
Or stately Lugar's mony fountains boil,
Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course,
Or haunted Garpal draws his feeble source,
Aroun'd by blust'ring winds and spotting thowers,
In mony a torrent down his snaw-brus rows;
While dashing ice, borne on the roaring speat,
Sweeps dams, and mills, and brigs, a' to the gate;
And from Glenbuck, down to Rotten key,
Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea:

THE MIRROR.

Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise !
And dash the gumbie Japs up to the pouring skies.
A lesson sadly teaching, to your coot,
That architecture's noble art is lost!

The Auld Brig, which is approached by a steep way, forming Tam's line of march when pursued by the witches, and which is connected with the road by a sharp turn, is a fine old arch, and though disused, except for foot passengers, is kept in excellent order. A few years ago, the parapets had suffered considerable injury by many of the coping-stones being thrown into the water by idle boys; but, at the instigation of Mr. David Auld, of Ayr, a poetical petition to the trustees was written by the Rev. Mr. Paul, of Boughton, author of a life of Burns, with a view of obtaining the means of repairing it. The trustees found they had no power to devote the public money to the repair of a disused road; but they were so amused with the petition, and convinced of the truth of its argument, that they subscribed among themselves a sufficient sum to make all things right. The following is the document:

" Unto the Honourable the Trustees of the Roads in the county of Ayr, the Petition and Complaint of the Auld Brig of Doon.

" Must I, like modern fabrics of a day,
Decline, unwept, the victim of decay ?
Shall my bold arch, that proudly stretches o'er
Doon's classic stream, from Kyle's to Carrick's shore,
Be suffer'd in oblivion's gulf to fall,
And hurl to wreck my venerable wall ?
Forbid it, ye, who charmed by Burn's lay,
Amid these scenes can linger after the day !
Let Nannie's sark, and Maggie's mangled tail,
Plead in my cause, and in that cause prevail.
The man of taste, who comes my form to see,
And curious asks, but asks in vain, for me,
With tears of sorrow will my fate deplore,
When he is told, ' The Auld Brig is no more.'
Stop, then, O stop, ' more than Vandal rage,
That marks this revolutionary age,
And bid the structure of your father's last,
The pride of this, the boast of ages past ;
Nor ever let your children's chidren tell,
By your decree the ancient fabric fell.

" May it, therefore, please your Honours to consider this Petition, and grant such sum as you may think proper, for repairing and keeping up the Old Bridge of Doon.
(Signed) _____ For the Petitioners."

THE ROSE AND THE DEW-DROP.

A DEW-DROP came from the realms of light,
Borne on the shaft of a sun-beam bright,
And it linger'd awhile on earth's dull face,
Kissing the daughters of Flora's race,
And wearing, while flitting from bow'r to bow'r,
The varied hue of each fay-rite flow'r ;
But the rose, as it lay on her fragrant breast,
With scorn the child of the clouds address'd ;
Cried she, " Are no thanks to my beauty due ?
The beauty that lends thy bower'd hue ?
And dar'st thou thanklessly thus to shine
With colours far brighter than e'er were thine ?"
The dew-drop blush'd as it said, " 'tis true
That to thee I owe all of my roseate hue ;
But the gem-like lustre I give to it,
Is, methinks, a reciprocal benefit."

E. M.

• Chambers's Land of Burns. •

HAPPINESS.

(For the Mirror.)

WHAT shall we seek thee, Happiness, oh say !
Dost thou abide on earth, if so, with whom ?
Will riches, power, or rank, command thy stay,—
Will beauty, fame, or wealth, procure the boon ?

Thus have I often questioned, till methought
An unseen spirit answered in this strain,
Mortal ! think not that happiness is bought
With aught so earthly, or with aught so vain.

Think not to find it pure, or unalloy'd,
Whist thou dost linger mid the scenes of life,
Tis only in the realms of heaven enjoyed,
There we shall know no care, no woe, or strife.

Seek it above, not in a world like this,
"Tis only there that we may hope to find
Ever enduring wells of lasting bliss,

Balm to the wounded heart and troubled mind.

M. E. S.

SEA-SIDE THOUGHTS.

EVER flowing, mighty ocean,
'Twere as easy to control,
In the storm thy billowy motion,
As thy wonders to unrul.

Whether morning's splendours steep thee,
With the rainbow's glowing grace,
Tempest rouse, or natives sweep thee,
To but for a moment's space.

Earth,—her valleys and her mountains,
Mortal man's commands obey,
Thy unfathomable fountains,
Scarf his search, and score his sway.

Such art thou, stupendous ocean !
But—if overwhelmed by thee,
Can we think without emotion,
What must thy Creator be.

J. E.

THE PULSE.

WHAT art thou, mysterious beating ?
Still thy little strokes repeating
Night by night, and day by day,
Fluttering with perpetual play
Through the arteries, when the veins
Thrill with joy, or throb with pains ;
Striking measured signals now—
Silent movement, what art thou ?

A CHRISTIAN'S PHYLACTERY.

EVERY day (says Sir William Waller) is i little life, in the account whereof we may reckon our birth from the womb of the morning; our growing time from thence till noon, when we are as the sun in his strength; after which, like a shadow that declineth, we hasten to the evening of our age, till at last we close our eyes in sleep, the image of death our whole life appearing but the tale of a day. We should, therefore, so spend every day, as if it were all the life we had to live; we should endeavour, by His grace, during the whole course of our life, to wake with God as early as we can, and to consecrate the first fruits of our thoughts unto him by prayer and meditation, and by renewed acts of repentance; that so God may awake for us, and make the habitation of our righteousness prosperous. To this end, we should make it our care to lie down the night before in the peace of God, who hath promised that his commandments shall keep us when awake.

W. G. C.

SHADES OF THE DEAD.

NO II.

[Or our series, the subjoined great Poesiarch stands second, of the "Dead kings of Melody," first.]

MILTON.

Milton stands apart from nearly all the men who hold a permanent place in the estimation of the world. With scarcely an exception, their memories are still, as it were, naturally joined to the affairs of society. Shakspere is read, perhaps, less for his poetry, than for the number of practical maxims, and sayings, and descriptions of general application, which crowd his pages. Newton retains his place in fame by the physical direction of his pursuits. Bacon is crowned with both these diadems. But the fourth great name of England dwells aloft and equally remote from the business of the day, and the studies of natural philosophy. The merchant cannot learn from him to grow rich. He has left no proofs of the mathematician. The man of the world can find in his writings no directions for his carriage in courts and assemblies. In the eyes of the present generation his political opinions are an obsolete fancy; his system of church government a baseless dream; and his plan of education but a grotesque rarity for literary museums. He is even hateful to many for his defence of regicide; he is distasteful to more for his heretical doctrines; the works which employed the longer portion of his life are difficult and gloomy, and now half-hidden by the rust and cobwebs of the two centuries which have introduced to popularity such different theories from his; his poetry, to many persons who read for amusement, is far too massy and learned, and furnishes food but little grateful to the majority of those in whose views his religion is not contemptible.

Greatness of his Character, the cause of our Esteem.

Whence, then, comes it, that he is still spoken of as a bright, and, almost, an awful spirit? It, assuredly, does not arise from the merely accidental conformity of a few of his opinions with those of some modern politicians. They employ his eternal name for their own low purposes. And neither can the reverence felt for him be explained by the religious frame of his longest poem. Pure poetry will not maintain an author in the thoughts of Englishmen, or Spenser would not be almost forgotten. There must be some cause different from all these for our national admiration of Milton, and it can be found in nothing but the dignity of his character. That, careless as the learned and the popular are becoming of such titles to renown, is still a claim on the sympathy of mankind; and so it must be ever, unless we shall sink into a horde, externally civilized, but morally uncultivated.

His Works, an Image of Himself.

All his plans are, indeed, glorious manifestations of his character. In poetry, no more than in politics, could he lay aside the austere and magnificent individuality of his mind, and think for others from a knowledge of what they are, instead of considering them as repetitions of his nobler self. His poems are no less remarkable than his prose writings for the wonderful evidence they afford of the personal loftiness and concentration of his character. It was the glory of Shakspere to make himself master of the universe as it is; and on that account there is no conjunction of affairs, no subtle variety of character, to which some passage of his dramas is not applicable. It was the glory of Milton to create for himself an universe of his own; and, therefore, every line of his works shows to us an instance of the employment of ordinary materials in relation to a high, internal, moral end. Shakspere modelled out of his own pure metal a bright image of everything around him, and a thousand noble human sculptures. The great blind poet collected all that the world could supply of valuable, and melting it into one rich Corinthian substance, cast with it a statue of himself, exhibiting man in his most divine form, and to be recognized by men as long as they shall retain their likeness to God.

Independence of his Poems.

Milton's independence of his age, and of all but the laws of his own excellence, is also no less remarkable in his poems, than in his other writings and in his life. He was in faith a Hebrew prophet, and in knowledge and culture a Greek philosopher. "Paradise Lost" is the noblest mythological creation that ever existed. It does not connect itself, indeed, with the popular belief of any time or country; for Milton, of all men, was least able to throw himself into another set of thoughts than his own; and those who demand that he should have done so, and lament that his angels are not the angels of our childhood, nor his fiends the devils of a puppet show, forget that the living principle of Milton's being—his sublime and statue-like *aloofness*—must have been destroyed before he could thus have written. Conscience was the moving power, imagination the great instrument of his mind. For the sport of Fancy, the agility of that busy Intelligence, he had little propensity.

Adoption and Rejection of his Poems.

It is curious to observe how the general opinion has decided with regard to the relative merit of his poems. "Paradise Lost" is, by the consent of almost all, the greatest poem of England; while "Paradise Regained" is scarcely more familiar to the majority of educated persons, than "Gondibert," or "The Purple Island." The one which images the struggle and agony of the universe in the task of self-determination, which contains the gigantic impersonations of evil, and the disas-

trous rout of human hope, finds an apt correspondence in the breast of every one. But the lovely child of the old age of Milton, the serene proclamation of the power to conquer, the even and majestic triumph of tempted humanity, has perished from the memory of the nation, as completely as if it had been laid in the sepulchre of its author.

Milton to the View of the Student.

Until there is a stronger inclination to raise out of that oblivious dust what remains to us of his productions, there is but little chance that we shall think of erecting and vivifying the image of himself; yet around what retired student does so calm a glory rest as that which encircles Milton? From his age, so fertile in the greatest men, we look in vain for his compeer, and shrink from setting in comparison with him the perturbed spirit of Vane, the virtue of Falkland, slender and feeble, though pure as diamond, or the less austere morality of the pregnant and fervid Taylor. We see Milton surrounded by a conflict, for humble honesty the most fearful that can exist; but we see him passing through it triumphant. Unlike the cowardly sophist Hobbes, who fled from England at her utmost need, he left the land which his education and tastes made dear to him above all others, and which he could scarcely have hoped again to visit; he broke away from a train of affectionate admirers, and the ennobling sphere of the old Roman greatness, and came to submit himself to the whirlwind by which his country was shaken. The days of a life which more lately bore the fruit of the "Paradise Lost and Regained," he employed in the toil of teaching, that he might devote his nights to the composition of treatises splendid enough to have dazzled a world, but that they were too lofty to engage the vulgar eye. In an age rioting with drunken opinions, he, too, was sometimes misled by a finer and more spiritual intoxication. But the man is untouched by the condemnation which lights on the intellectual error; his heroic, if not rather angelic, excellence remains undimmed, unapproached by censure; suspicion dares not look his memory in the face; his name stands among us as a monumental pillar, elevated enough to be a standard for human nature, and of which stain or decay cannot reach the lowest stone on the pedestal.

Milton among the Charities of Home.

Nor is he merely this severe and complete model, awful and holy, nor as he is sometimes described, scarcely at all engaging. The altar-flame which burns on the sacred mountain lighted also with a genial and kindly ray, the low domestic hearth. He loved the country, and society, and cheerful books; and delighted in all the cordial elegancies and delicate graces of life as keenly as those who, far from being able to write the "Defensio Secunda," have never even read it. There is all the simplicity and all the liveliness that good Isaac Walton

would have desired, in the glimpses that remain to us of his private life. We read of him inviting Mr. Lawrence, or Cyriac Skinner, to converse with him over wine. We hear of him composing an unrivalled poem in honour of a young lady, at the request of his friend, Mr. Henry Lawes. And she, the heroine of "Comus," by a singular felicity, after the glory of being celebrated by Milton, achieved the greater glory of protecting Jeremy Taylor. How familiarly does he seem to have conversed with Elwood and his other friends about that which men are often jealous of seeing handled, namely, the progress of his writings. How profoundly did he love the wife to whom he addressed that most saintly sonnet. And how beautiful, calm, and clear, are the hints that remain to us of his later days, when wrapped in a coarse grey coat, he sat in summer evenings among the flowers at his door, and rejoiced in the fresh air of heaven; or when solemnly suited with black, he was placed in a room hung with faded green, and bent his sightless countenance over the organ on which he delighted to play. And amid the smoke and fury of the fiercest political battle waged in England since the Reformation, with what exquisite sweetness and modest sublimity does he recur to the romance in which, as a boy, he had looked for amusement; and from which, by the necessity of his own nature, he had drawn instruction and moral nourishment.

He had scorn, indeed, and vehemence, for all the basenesses that met his eye. But let us not forget that the meekest being who ever existed, drove the money-changers from the temple with a scourge, and threatened to purge the garner with a terrible and destroying fire.

ANATOMY OF MAN.

THE anatomy of man, says Galen, discovers above six hundred different muscles, and whoever only considers these, will find that in each of them nature must have at least adjusted ten different circumstances, in order to attain the end which she proposed:—proper figure, just magnitude, right disposition of the several ends, upper and lower position of the whole, and the due insertion of the several nerves, veins, and arteries. So that, in the muscles alone, above *six thousand* several views and intentions must have been formed and executed! This writer calculated the bones to be two hundred and eighty-four, and the distinct purposes aimed at, in the structure of each, above forty. This makes, *eleven thousand, three hundred and sixty*.

The human skeleton, with its naked ribs, is so associated in the common mind with ideas of death, and all the terrors of unknown futurity, that to most persons it is an object of abhorrence; but to the philosophic mind, which rises superior to place and time, the so admirable adaptation of all the parts to their purposes, and of parts which, being purely mechanical, are perfectly understood, makes

it, independently of all professional considerations, an object of the most intense interest. Such mechanism reveals, by intelligible signs, the hand of the Creator ; and a man may be said to sublimely commune with his Maker, who contemplates and understands the structure aright.

BEAUTIES OF HAZLITT.—No. I.

EXTRACTED FROM HIS WORKS.

Hazlitt's playfulness and love of Nature. Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet—a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking. It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud, I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sun-burnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then, long-forgotten things, like "sunken wrack and sunless treasures," burst on my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. . . . "Leave, oh, leave me to repose!" . . . Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment? Does not this daisy leap to my heart, set in its coat of emerald? Yet if I were to explain to you the circumstance that has endeared it to me, you would only smile.

Milton's Sonnets.

Compared with Paradise lost, they are like tender flowers that adorn the base of some proud column or stately temple. Milton, in the one, could work himself up, with unabated fortitude, "to the height of his great argument;" but, in the other, he has shewn that he could descend to men of low estate; and, after the lightning and thunderbolt of his pen, lets fall some drops of natural pity over hapless infirmity, mingling strains with the nightingale's—"most musical—most melancholy." The immortal poet pours his mortal sorrows into our breasts, and a tear falls from his sightless orbs, on the friendly hand he presses. The sonnets are a kind of pensive record of past achievements, loves, and friendships, and a noble exhortation to himself, to bear up with cheerful hope and confidence to the last.

Exclamation at a fine Passage.

Had I words and images at command like these, I would attempt to wake the thoughts that lie slumbering on golden ridges in the evening clouds! but, at the sight of Nature, my fancy, poor as it is, droops and closes up its leaves, like flowers at sun-set.

Imaginary and fugitive Love.

I would have such an one love me for myself alone. . . . I would have her read my soul: she should understand the language of my heart; she should know what I am, as if she were another self! She should love me for myself alone: I would have her do so too.

The image of some fair creature is engraven on my inmost soul: it is on that I build my claim to her regard, and expect her to see into my heart, as I see her form always before me. Wherever she treads, pale primroses, like her face, vernal hyacinths, like her brows, spring up beneath her feet, and music hangs on every bough; but all is cold, barren, and desolate without her. Thus I feel and thus I think. But have I ever told her so? No! Or if I did, would she understand it? No! I "hunt the wind, worship a statue, cry aloud to the desert." To see beauty, is not to be beautiful; to pine in love, is not to be loved again.

Opinion on "Endymion."

Keates's "Endymion" is a delightful description of the illusions of a youthful imagination, given up to airy dreams—we have flowers, clouds, rainbows, moonlight, all sweet sounds and smells, and Oreads and Dryads flitting by—but there is nothing tangible in it—nothing marked or palpable—we have none of the hardy spirit or rigid forms of antiquity. . . . All is soft and fleshy, without bone or muscle. It is the youth, without the manhood of poetry. His genius breathed "vernal delight and joy." "Like Maia's son, he stood and shook his plumes" with fragrance filled. His mind was redolent of spring. He had not the fierceness of summer, nor the richness of autumn, and winter he seemed not to have known, till he felt the icy hand of death!

LOVE-STORY OF RAPHAEL.

THE fair Trasteverina was the daughter of a baker—"un fornaro a soccida"—one who baked bread sent to him, but did not sell it, and who lived in Trastevere, near Sta. Cecilia. Attached to the house was a little garden, surrounded by a wall, low enough to permit a person on the outside to overlook the place on tiptoe. Here the maiden frequently walked, and as her beauty was much talked of, it attracted the curiosity of the young students in art, who are always in search of the beautiful. It happened also, that Raphael passed at a moment when Trasteverina was in the garden, and when, not supposing she was observed, she was bathing her feet in the Tiber, for the river bounded the end of the garden. Raphael having raised himself on the wall, saw the young person, and gazed on her attentively; he was always powerfully smitten by beautiful objects, and finding her most beautiful, he presently fell in love with her, and he had no peace till she was his. Having thus bestowed his heart on this person, he found her much more refined, and at the same time more capable of an enduring attachment, than he could have supposed her station promised. His affection for her naturally increased, and at one time, he could hardly apply himself to his art, except in her society, so that Agostino Chigi allowed her to stay with Raphael while he

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A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
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Let Nature's sark, and Maggie's mangling tail,
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And curious asks, but asks in vain, for me,
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Think not to find it pure, or unalloy'd.
Whilst thou dost linger mid the scenes of life,
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[Or our series, the subjoined great Poesiarch stands second, of the "Dead kings of Melody," first.]

MILTON.

Milton stands apart from nearly all the men who hold a permanent place in the estimation of the world. With scarcely an exception, their memories are still, as it were, naturally joined to the affairs of society. Shakespeare is read, perhaps, less for his poetry, than for the number of practical maxims, and sayings, and descriptions of general application, which crowd his pages. Newton retains his place in fame by the physical direction of his pursuits. Bacon is crowned with both those diadems. But the fourth great name of England dwells aloft and equally remote from the business of the day, and the studies of natural philosophy. The merchant cannot learn from him to grow rich. He has left no proofs of the mathematician. The man of the world can find in his writings no directions for his carriage in courts and assemblages. In the eyes of the present generation his political opinions are an obsolete fancy; his system of church government a baseless dream; and his plan of education but a grotesque rarity for literary museums. He is even hateful to many for his defence of regicide; he is distasteful to more for his heretical doctrines; the works which employed the longer portion of his life are difficult and gloomy, and now half-hidden by the rust and cobwebs of the two centuries which have introduced to popularity such different theories from his; his poetry, to many persons who read for amusement, is far too massive and learned, and furnishes food but little grateful to the majority of those in whose views his religion is not contemptible.

Greatness of his Character, the cause of our Esteem.

Whence, then, comes it, that he is still spoken of as a bright, and, almost, an awful spirit? It, assuredly, does not arise from the merely accidental conformity of a few of his opinions with those of some modern politicians. They employ his eternal name for their own low purposes. And neither can the reverence felt for him be explained by the religious frame of his longest poem. Pure poetry will not maintain an author in the thoughts of Englishmen, or Spenser would not be almost forgotten. There must be some cause different from all these for our national admiration of Milton, and it can be found in nothing but the dignity of his character. That, careless as the learned and the popular are becoming of such titles to renown, is still a claim on the sympathy of mankind; and so it must be ever, unless we shall sink into a horde, externally civilized, but morally uncultivated.

His Works, an Image of Himself.

All his plans are, indeed, glorious manifestations of his character. In poetry, no more than in politics, could he lay aside the austere and magnificent individuality of his mind, and think for others from a knowledge of what they are, instead of considering them as repetitions of his nobler self. His poems are no less remarkable than his prose writings for the wonderful evidence they afford of the personal loftiness and concentration of his character. It was the glory of Shakespeare to make himself master of the universe as it is; and on that account there is no conjunction of affairs, no subtle variety of character, to which some passage of his dramas is not applicable. It was the glory of Milton to create for himself an universe of his own; and, therefore, every line of his works shows to us an instance of the employment of ordinary materials in relation to a high, internal, moral end. Shakespeare modelled out of his own pure metal a bright image of everything around him, and a thousand noble human sculptures. The great blind poet collected all that the world could supply of valuable, and melting it into one rich Corinthian substance, cast with it a statue of himself, exhibiting man in his most divine form, and to be recognized by men as long as they shall retain their likeness to God.

Independence of his Poems.

Milton's independence of his age, and of all but the laws of his own excellence, is also no less remarkable in his poems, than in his other writings and in his life. He was in faith a Hebrew prophet, and in knowledge and culture a Greek philosopher. "Paradise Lost" is the noblest mythological creation that ever existed. It does not connect itself, indeed, with the popular belief of any time or country; for Milton, of all men, was least able to throw himself into another set of thoughts than his own; and those who demand that he should have done so, and lament that his angels are not the angels of our childhood, nor his fiends the devils of a puppet show, forget that the living principle of Milton's being—his sublime and statue-like *aloofness*—must have been destroyed before he could thus have written. Conscience was the moving power, imagination the great instrument of his mind. For the sport of Fancy, the agility of that busy Ingelligence, he had little propensity.

Adoption and Rejection of his Poems.

It is curious to observe how the general opinion has decided with regard to the relative merit of his poems. "Paradise Lost" is, by the consent of almost all, the greatest poem of England; while "Paradise Regained" is scarcely more familiar to the majority of educated persons, than "Gondibert," or "The Purple Island." The one which images the struggle and agony of the universe in the task of self-determination, which contains the gigantic impersonations of evil, and the drama-

trous rout of human hope, finds an apt correspondence in the breast of every one. But the lovely child of the old age of Milton, the serene proclamation of the power to conquer, the even and majestic triumph of tempted humanity, has perished from the memory of the nation, as completely as if it had been laid in the sepulchre of its author.

Milton to the View of the Student.

Until there is a stronger inclination to raise out of that oblivious dust what remains to us of his productions, there is but little chance that we shall think of erecting and vivifying the image of himself; yet around what retired student does so calm a glory rest as that which encircles Milton! From his age, so fertile in the greatest men, we look in vain for his compeer, and shrink from setting in comparison with him the perturbed spirit of Vane, the virtue of Falkland, slender and feeble, though pure as diamond, or the less austere morality of the pregnant and fervid Taylor. We see Milton surrounded by a conflict, for humble honesty the most fearful that can exist; but we see him passing through it triumphant. Unlike the cowardly sophist Hobbes, who fled from England at her utmost need, he left the land which his education and tastes made dear to him above all others, and which he could scarcely have hoped again to visit; he broke away from a train of affectionate admirers, and the ennobling sphere of the old Roman greatness, and came to submit himself to the whirlwind by which his country was shaken. The days of a life which more lately bore the fruit of the "Paradise Lost and Regained," he employed in the toil of teaching, that he might devote his nights to the composition of treatises splendid enough to have dazzled a world, but that they were too lofty to engage the vulgar eye. In an ago rioting with drunken opinions, he, too, was sometimes misled by a finer and more spiritual intoxication. But the man is untouched by the condemnation which lights on the intellectual error; his heroic, if not rather angelic, excellence remains undimmed, unapproached by censure; suspicion dares not look his memory in the face; his name stands among us as a monumental pillar, elevated enough to be a standard for human nature, and of which stain or decay cannot reach the lowest stone in the pedestal.

Milton among the Charities of Home.

Nor is he merely this severe and complete model, awful and holy, nor as he is sometimes described, scarcely at all engaging. The altar-flame which burns on the sacred mountain lighted also with a genial and kindly ray, the low domestic hearth. He loved the country, and society, and cheerful books; and delighted in all the cordial elegancies and delicate graces of life as keenly as those who, far from being able to write the "Defensio Secunda," have never even read it. There is all the simplicity and all the liveliness that good Isaac Walton

would have desired, in the glimpses that remain to us of his private life. We read of him inviting Mr. Lawrence, or Cyriac Skinner, to converse with him over wine. We hear of him composing an unrivalled poem in honour of a young lady, at the request of his friend, Mr. Henry Lawes. And she, the heroine of "Comus," by a singular felicity, after the glory of being celebrated by Milton, achieved the greater glory of protecting Jeremy Taylor. How familiarly does he seem to have conversed with Elwood and his other friends about that which men are often jealous of seeing handled, namely, the progress of his writings. How profound did he love the wife to whom he addressed that most saintly sonnet. And how beautiful, calm, and clear, are the hints that remain to us of his latter days, when wrapped in a coarse grey coat, he sat in summer evenings among the flowers at his door, and rejoiced in the fresh air of heaven; or when solemnly suited with black, he was placed in a room hung with faded green, and bent his sightless countenance over the organ on which he delighted to play. And amid the smoke and fury of the fiercest political battle waged in England since the Reformation, with what exquisite sweetness and modest sublimity does he recur to the romance in which, as a boy, he had looked for amusement; and from which, by the necessity of his own nature, he had drawn instruction and moral nourishment.

He had scorn, indeed, and vehemence, for all the basenesses that met his eye. But let us not forget that the meekest being who ever existed, drove the money-changers from the temple with a scourge, and threatened to purge the garner with a terrible and destroying fire.

ANATOMY OF MAN.

The anatomy of man, says Galen, discovers above six hundred different muscles, and whoever only considers these, will find that in each of them nature must have at least adjusted ten different circumstances, in order to attain the end which she proposed:—proper figure, just magnitude, right disposition of the several ends, upper and lower position of the whole, and the due insertion of the several nerves, veins, and arteries. So that, in the muscles alone, above *six thousand* several views and intentions must have been formed and executed! This writer calculated the bones to be two hundred and eighty-four, and the distinct purposes aimed at, in the structure of each, above forty. This makes, *eleven thousand, three hundred and sixty.*

The human skeleton, with its naked ribs, is so associated in the common mind with ideas of death, and all the terrors of unknown futurity, that to most persons it is an object of abhorrence; but to the philosophic mind, which rises superior to place and time, the so admirable adaptation of all the parts to their purposes, and of parts which, being purely mechanical, are perfectly understood, makes

it, independently of all professional considerations, an object of the most intense interest. Such mechanism reveals, by intelligible signs, the hand of the Creator; and a man may be said to sublimely commune with his Maker, who contemplates and understands the structure aright.

BEAUTIES OF HAZLITT.—No. I.
EXTRACTED FROM HIS WORKS.

Hazlitt's playfulness and love of Nature.
Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet—a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking. It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud, I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sun-burnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then, long-forgotten things, like "sunken wrack and sunless treasures," burst on my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. . . . "Leave, oh, leave me to repose!" . . . Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment? Does not this daisy leap to my heart, set in its coat of emerald? Yet if I were to explain to you the circumstance that has endeared it to me, you would only smile.

Milton's Sonnets.

Compared with Paradise lost, they are like tender flowers that adorn the base of some proud column or stately temple. Milton, in the one, could work himself up, with unabated fortitude, "to the height of his great argument"; but, in the other, he has shewn that he could condescend to men of low estate; and, after the lightning and thunderbolt of his pen, lets fall some drops of natural pity over hapless infirmity, mingling strains with the nightingale's—"most musical—most melancholy." The immortal poet pours his mortal sorrows into our breasts, and a tear falls from his sightless orbs, on the friendly hand he presses. The sonnets are a kind of pensive record of past achievements, loves, and friendships, and a noble exhortation to himself, to bear up with cheerful hope and confidence to the last.

Exclamation at a fine Passage.

Had I words and images at command like these, I would attempt to wake the thoughts that lie slumbering on golden ridges in the evening clouds! but, at the sight of Nature, my fancy, poor as it is, droops and closes up its leaves, like flowers at sun-set.

Imaginary and fugitive Love.

I would have such an one love me for myself alone. . . . I would have her read my soul: she should understand the language of my heart; she should know what I am, as if she were another self! She should love me for myself alone: I would have her do so too.

The image of some fair creature is engraven on my inmost soul: it is on that I build my claim to her regard, and expect her to see into my heart, as I see her form always before me. Wherever she treads, pale primroses, like her face, vernal hyacinths, like her brows, spring up beneath her feet, and music hangs on every bough; but all is cold, barren, and desolate without her. Thus I feel and thus I think. But have I ever told her so? No! Or if I did, would she understand it? No! I "hant the wind, worship a statue, cry aloud to the desert." To see beauty, is not to be beautiful; to pine in love, is not to be loved again.

Opinion on "Endymion."

Keates's "Endymion" is a delightful description of the illusions of a youthful imagination, given up to airy dreams—we have flowers, clouds, rainbows, moonlight, all sweet sounds and smells, and Oreada and Dryads flitting by—but there is nothing tangible in it—nothing marked or palpable—we have none of the hardy spirit or rigid forms of antiquity. . . . All is soft and fleshy, without bone or muscle. It is the youth, without the manhood of poetry. His genius breathed "vernal delight and joy." "Like Maia's son, he stood and shook his plumes" with fragrance filled. His mind was redolent of spring. He had not the fierceness of summer, nor the richness of autumn, and winter he seemed not to have known, till he felt the icy hand of death!

LOVE-STORY OF RAPHAEL.

THE fair Trasteverina was the daughter of a baker—"un fornaro a soccidi"—one who baked bread sent to him, but did not sell it, and who lived in Trastevere, near Sta. Cecilia. Attached to the house was a little garden, surrounded by a wall, low enough to permit a person on the outside to overlook the place on tiptoe. Here the maiden frequently walked, and as her beauty was much talked of, it attracted the curiosity of the young students in art, who are always in search of the beautiful. It happened also, that Raphael passed at a moment when Trasteverina was in the garden, and when, not supposing she was observed, she was bathing her feet in the Tiber, for the river bounded the end of the garden. Raphael having raised himself on the wall, saw the young person, and gazed on her attentively; he was always powerfully smitten by beautiful objects, and finding her most beautiful, he presently fell in love with her, and he had no peace till she was his. Having thus bestowed his heart on this person, he found her much more refined, and at the same time more capable of an enduring attachment, than he could have supposed her station promised. His affection for her naturally increased, and at one time, he could hardly apply himself to his art, except in her society, so that Agostino Chigi allowed her to stay with Raphael while he

was at work in the Farnesina. According to an older tale, the name of the maiden was not Trasteverina, but Fornarina, who was the daughter of a potter in Urbino, or its neighbourhood. As the oven is necessary in such an occupation, the name may have been connected again with this tradition.

TRANSFERMENT OF VITAL POWER.

A not uncommon cause of loss of vital powers is the young sleeping with the aged. The fact, however explained, has been long remarked, and it is well known to every unprejudiced observer. But it has been most unaccountably overlooked in medicine. On several occasions, a medical man has met with the counterpart of the following case. He was, a few years since, consulted about a pale, sickly, and thin boy, of about five or six years of age. He appeared to have no specific ailment, but there was a slow and remarkable decline of flesh and strength, and of the energy of all the functions—what his mother very aptly termed, a gradual blight. After inquiring into the history of the case, it came out that he had been a robust and plethoric child up to his third year, when his grandmother, a very aged person, took him to sleep with her—that he soon afterwards lost his good looks, and he had continued to decline ever since, notwithstanding medical treatment. The doctor referred to, directed him to sleep apart from his aged parent, and prescribed tonics, change of air, &c. The recovery was rapid. It is not with children only that debility is induced by this mode of abstracting vital power. Young females, married to very old men, suffer in a similar manner, though not to the same extent. These facts are often well known to the aged themselves, who consider the indulgence favourable to longevity, and, therefore, often illustrate the selfishness which, in some persons, increases with their years. Those in good health should never sleep with sickly persons.

EXPLICATION OF THE FABLE OF PROMETHEUS.

[Concluded from page 103.]

PROMETHEUS, full of malice, being reconciled to men, after they were frustrated of their gift, in a chase with Jupiter, feared not to use deceit in sacrifice.

Having killed two bulls, and in one of their hides wrapped up the flesh and fat of them both, and in the other, only the bones, with a great show of devotion, gave Jupiter his choice.

Jupiter, detesting his fraud and hypocrisy, but taking an occasion of revenge, chose that which was stuffed with bones, and so turning to revenge, (when he saw the insolence of Prometheus would not be repressed, but by laying some grievous affliction on mankind,

whom he boasted so much to have formed) commanded Vulcan to frame a beautiful woman, which being done, every one of the Gods bestowed a gift upon her, whereupon she was called Pandora.

To this woman they gave in her hand, a fair box, full of all miseries and calamities, only at the bottom of it they put Hope.

With this box, she went first to Prometheus, thinking to catch him, if, perchance, he should accept it at her hands, and so open it; which he, nevertheless, with good providence and foresight, refused.

Whereupon, she went to Epimetheus, who, though brother to Prometheus, was of a very different disposition, and offered the box to him, who, without delay, took it, and rashly opened it; but when he saw that all kinds of miseries came fluttering about his ears, being wise too late, with great speed and earnest endeavour, he shut down the cover, and so, with much difficulty, retained Hope sitting alone at the bottom.

At last, Jupiter, laying many and grievous crimes to the charge of Prometheus, as that he had stolen fire from heaven—that in contempt of his majesty, he sacrificed a bull's hide stuffed with bones—that he scornfully rejected his gift, and besides all this, that he offered violence to Pallas, cast him into chains, and doomed him to perpetual torment.

By Jupiter's command, he was brought to the mountain Caucasus, and there bound fast to a pillar, so that he could not stir. There came an eagle also, that every day sat feasting on his liver, and consumed it; but as much as was eaten in the day, grew again in the night, that matter for torment to work on, might never decay.

But yet there was an end of this punishment; for, Hercules crossing the ocean in a cup, which the Sun gave him, came to Caucasus, and set Prometheus at liberty, by shooting the eagle with an arrow.

Moreover, in some nations, there were instituted, in honour of Prometheus, certain games of lamp-bearers, in which they who strove for the prize, were wont to carry torches lighted, which, whose suffered to go out, yielded the place and victory to those that followed, and so cast back themselves; so that whoever came first to the mark, with his torch burning, won the prize.

We now proceed to the explication of these facts:—

The Sacrifice of the Bulls.—By the two-fold sacrifice of the bulls, are elegantly shadowed out, the persons of a truly devout man, and a hypocrite. In the one, is contained fatness, which, by reason of the inflammation and fumes thereof, is called the portion of the Gods, by which the affection and zeal of man, ascending towards heaven, is signified. In the other, there is nothing but dry and naked bones, which, nevertheless, stuff up the hide, and make it appear a good and fair sacrifice. By this may be well meant, those external

and vain rites, mock sacrifices, and empty ceremonies, by which men oppress and fill up the worship of the gods, things composed rather for ostentation, than any way conducting to true piety.

Pandora and Vulcan.—The fable here turns itself to the manners and conditions of human life. And it is a common but apt interpretation, that, by Pandora, is signified pleasure and voluptuousness, which, when the civil life is pampered with too much art, culture, and superfluity, is engendered, as it were, by the efficacy of fire, and, therefore, the work of voluptuousness is attributed to Vulcan, who is the representative of fire. From this cause, infinite miseries, together with too late repentance, proceed, overflowing the minds, bodies, and fortunes of men.

Acceptance and Refusal of the Box.—Here the fable elegantly and proportionably delineates two conditions, or two examples of human life. First, Epimetheus. Those that follow Epimetheus, are improvident, not foreseeing what may come to pass in the future; esteeming that best, which seems most sweet for the present; whence it happens, that they are overtaken with many miseries, difficulties, and calamities, and so lead lives of perpetual affliction. But yet, notwithstanding they please their fancies, and out of ignorance of the course of things, entertain in their minds many vain hopes, whereby they, as with sweet dreams, solace themselves, and sweeten the miseries of their life. But those who follow Prometheus, are men endued with prudence, foreseeing things to come—warily shunning, and avoiding many evils and misfortunes.

The Pillar and the Eagle.—The followers of Prometheus, in addition to the above qualities, also deprive themselves of many lawful pleasures and recreations, and which is worse, vex and torment themselves with cares and troubles and intestine fears; for being chained to the pillar of necessity, they are afflicted with innumerable thoughts, which, because they are very swift, may be fitly compared to an eagle, which grieve eternally, and devour the liver, unless sometimes, as it were, by night, they get a little rest of mind, till they are again suddenly assaulted with fresh anxieties and fears.

The Strength and Assistance of Hercules.—To retain, therefore, the gifts of Providence, and free themselves from all care and trouble, is the lot of few; nor can any one obtain it, save by the assistance of Hercules, which is fortitude or strength and constancy of mind, which is prepared for every event, and armed for all fortunes. It is worthy of note, also, that this virtue was not natural to Prometheus, but adventitious, for no inherent or natural fortitude is able to bear up against these miseries. This virtue, also, was received and brought to him from the remotest part of the ocean, and from the Sun, that is, from wisdom, as from the sun; and from the meditation

of inconstancy, or of the waters of human life, as from the sailing on the ocean. It is also elegantly added, for the consolation and strengthening of men's minds, that this noble hero crossed the ocean in a cup or pan, lest, perchance, they might dread too much that the straits and frailty of their nature, will not be capable of this fortitude and constancy.

Prometheus and Minerva.—It was, doubtless, on this account, that he brought on himself the punishment of devouring his liver, which has for its ends to show, that when men are inflated with too much learning and science, they often make, even divine oracles, subject to sense and reason, whence follows, most certainly, a continual distraction and restlessness of the mind. With soberness and humble judgment, therefore, men should distinguish between human and divine things, and between the oracles of sense, and the mysteries of faith, unless a carping philosophy be pleasing to us.

The Torch-races of Prometheus.—The games of Prometheus, performed with burning torches, have again reference to arts and sciences, as being that fire, in memory and celebration of which, these games were instituted. It also contains in it a very wise admonition, showing that the perfection of sciences is to be expected from succession, not from the nimbleness and promptness of only one author; for those who are most nimble in the race, and strongest in contention, yet, perchance, have not the luck to keep fire still in their torch, as it can as well be extinguished by running too fast, as by going too slow. And this running and contending with lamps, seems long since to have been left off, for all sciences seem, even now, to flourish most in their first authors—Aristotle, Galen, Euclid, and Ptolemy—succession having neither effected, nor almost attempted any great subject. It were, therefore, to be wished, that these games, in honour of Prometheus, or human nature, were again restored, and that beings should receive success by combat and emulation, and not depend upon any one man's sparkling and shaking torch. Men, therefore, are to be admonished to rouse up their spirits, and try their strengths and turns, and not refer to the opinions and dixits of a few.

These are the things which are the most noticeable in this well-known and common fable; "but," says the devout Lord Bacon, in conclusion, "there are some things in it which may have an admirable consent with the mysteries of Christian religion, and especially that sailing of Hercules in a cup, to set Prometheus at liberty, seems to represent an image of the divine word, coming in flesh, as in a frail vessel, to redeem man from the slavery of hell." But, continues he, "I have interdicted my pea all liberty in this kind, lest I should use strange fire at the altar of the Lord."

ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED AMONG THE RUINS OF
HASTINGS CASTLE, SUSSEX.

We here present our readers with a few interesting engravings made from some remarkable relics of early times, recently brought to light by the excavations made among the ruins of the celebrated Castle of Hastings. The ardent admirers of archaeological curiosities, are much indebted to the spirited exertions made

between the years 1824 and 1827 by the late Earl of Chichester, who, as Lord of the Manor, possessed the privilege of exploring and appropriating the tumuli or rocky mounds accumulated during the last seven hundred years within the space enclosed by this once impregnable fortress and sanctuary.



FOUR NORMAN KEYS.

What an interesting paper might be written on the antiquity and use of the key; without this important auxiliary, many of our fashionable novels would be deprived of one of their most important adjuncts—the character of the old suspicious guardian would dwindle into perfect insignificance, had he not the key to lock up his charge. The key is the miser's chief apostle—the keeper of all his earthly happiness—the constant companion of his pocket by day and his pillow by night; for, when roused from his broken slumbers, while stretched on his pallet in his murky crib, dreaming of thieves, the first thought that flashes across his recollection, is to learn the safety of his keys. Who can depict the harrowed feelings of the imprisoned captive, on hearing the key unlocking the iron-bound door, admitting to his presence all he loves in this world; or, when the heart-rending parting comes, the dreadful sound of the turned key striking like quivering lightning into his inmost soul. We do not feel inclined to dwell in this allegorical strain, but come to facts.

Locks opened by keys appear to have been used by the Egyptians above four thousand years since.

The Marquis of Worcester, in his "Century of Inventions," mentions a "little triangle-screwed key, not weighing a shilling, capable of unbolting a hundred bolts through fifty steeplest:—2. A key, with a rose-turning pipe, and two roses:—3. A key, perfectly square, with a screw turning within it, and more con-ceted than all the rest."

Keys were formerly used as an appendage of dress to the ear; this silly custom is referred to in the fifth act of *Much Ado about Nothing*, wherein Dogberry exclaims:—"They

say, he [Conrade] wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging to it." It is highly probable these keys and locks were manufactured by the celebrated Mark Scaliot, a blacksmith, of London, who, in 1578, [in the life-time of Shakespeare] made for exhibition, sale, and trial of his skill, a lock of iron, steel, and brass, of eleven several pieces, and a pipe-key, all weighing but one grain of gold; he also made a chain of gold, of forty-three links, which chain being fastened to the lock and key, and put about a flea's neck, the flea drew them with ease.* Consequently, it could easily be worn suspended from the ear.

It would be difficult to point out the period when, in this country, the lock first became known. It does not, indeed, appear that any of our more early illuminated manuscripts contain the representation of locks, though keys are sometimes found to occur of a form not differing greatly from those commonly in use, as is witnessed in our illustration above, they being of the form of the present newly-invented improved keys.



NORMAN COOKING VESSEL, OF RED WARE.

It is not great things, but trifles, which principally make up the sum of human happiness.

* Vide Smeeton's "Works of Human Ingenuity," a Treatise now excessively rare.

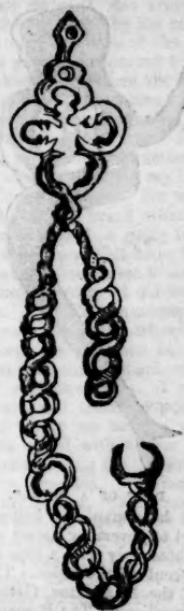
ness. An act, like cooking, which is repeated several times every day by the millions who inhabit the globe, is a subject worthy of investigation, not only as to the food, but the various modes of cooking it. Certainly the primeval method was by roasting, either on, or in front of their burning embers. When the ingenuity of man brought into use kettles, or, as we now call them, saucepans, manufactured of burnt clay, people became acquainted with the advantages of boiled viands; and kettles, similar to the one in the above engraving, made to stand on three feet, were soon of general adoption, long before the use of close fire-places, which used to be on stone hearths, when their kettles were placed on andirons, which also were used to sustain the weight of the roaring Christmas fire. When fossil coal became a general fuel, fire-grates were invented, and with them, fire-forks, or "steel poking sticks," as Stowe calls them; fryar pans and tongs followed; but these necessary appendages cannot boast of equal antiquity with the kettle; and it is curious to notice that the shape of our present camp-kettle is exactly similar to the Norman kettle here given.



PART OF A SIDE ARM, WORN BY THE NORMAN SOLDIERY.

In the infancy of knowledge, even in the country where the smelting of metals might be unknown, the spear, whether regarded as a missile, or as an instrument for close fighting, must obviously have been, on account of its simplicity of construction, and adaptation for use, the earliest form in which an offensive weapon would suggest itself to mankind; to the spear succeeded the battle-axe, especially in close engagements. Tacitus says, in his life of Agricola, that the Romans found the aborigines of Britain not only armed with scythe-chariots, and spears of various kinds, but likewise with swords. The broad, blunted, scythe-like sword was a weapon of ancient date with the Saxons, who, ultimately, relinquished the use of the weapon thus termed, substituting in their stead, long straight swords. The claymore was one of the original weapons

of England; and the clumsy rusted weapon exhibited among the curiosities of Westminster Abbey, as the "sword of King Edward" appears to have been an instrument of this kind, if its antiquity be admitted.



LAMP CHAIN.

The Egyptians were the first who placed burning lamps in their tombs with the dead, as an emblem of the immortality of the soul. Various motives have been assigned for the practice of thus placing lamps in sepulchres. One of the most ingenious, and, perhaps, most satisfactory, is, that it was allegorical of the cessation of mortal life—the separation of the soul, which the ancients regarded as an emanation of fire. On some sepulchral lamps we find sculptured the figure of the butterfly, in allusion, no doubt, to the equally cheerful and elegant imagination of the escape of the spirit, in a more aerial semblance, from its chrysalis state. From Egypt, the use of lamps was carried to Greece, where they were also consecrated to Minerva, the goddess of learning, as indicative of the nightly studies of the scholar. From Greece the use of the lamps passed to the Romans; with whom, also, it was customary to have the lamp depending from the ceiling, or placed on a stand in the room, since the use of tables was not common with them.

It is uncertain when lamps were first used in England; but our engraving proves they were here at a very early period.

Pliny assures us, that one Pelethronius first

invented the bridle and saddle, though Virgil ascribes the invention to the Lapiths, to whom he applies the epithet *Pelethronii* from a mountain in Thessaly, named *Pelethronium*, where horses first began to be broken.



PART OF A BRIDLE.

The first horseman, not being acquainted with the art of governing horses with bridles, managed them only with a rope or a switch, and the accent of the voice. This was the practice of the Numidians, Getulians, Libyans, and Massilians. The Roman youth also learned the art of fighting without bridles, which was an exercise or lesson in the manège; and hence it is that on Trajan's column soldiers are represented riding at full speed without any bridles on.

Amongst other antiquities was a penny of Athelstan, on rev. "Biorneard Mo. Londei;" engraved in the second plate of Saxon coins, No. 28, in Bishop Gibson's edition of Camden. A penny of similar type, with the same moneyer's name, but spelled differently, has been engraved by Ruding, pl. 17, No. 10.

There was a mint in Hastings, in the reign of Athelstan, grandson to King Alfred; and the excavations made by the directions of the Earl of Chichester, have revealed the entire outline, and many beautifully picturesque details, of an elegant chapel built within the castle, by the Saxons; distinct mention of which is made in documents now lying at the Rolls Office, Chancery-lane, tempore Henry VI., 26 a.

William the Conqueror, duly appreciating the value of such a stronghold as Hastings, enlarged the castle to a considerable extent, making vast moats and ravines, and cutting the solid rock wherever it opposed its massive sides. This was previous to his decisive victory over Harold, A.D. 1066.

Public Exhibitions.

MR. G. PECK'S MODEL OF HOBART TOWN.

We were among those favoured with a private view, on Monday last, of Mr. Peck's truly splendid Model of Hobart Town, the Capital of Van Dieman's Land. This astonishing specimen of human perseverance and ingenuity, is constructed upon a scale of twenty feet to one inch, covering a space of more than one thousand square feet; and including the theatres, gardens, windmills, streets, churches, villas, wharfs, rivers, &c., in that truly surprising and important Town, which has been actually reared and created from a wilderness in about the incredible short period of thirty years! another example of the daring enterprise and untiring spirit of the people of Britain; who, by their talent and capital, have, as if by magic, made, in so short a space of time, a mart and township, that would formerly have taken ages to achieve. The reflective mind is lost in wonder and amazement whilst contemplating this almost fairy scene.

As an elaborate and faithful work of art, portraying a scene of vital interest, it is impossible to enhance its talent or utility; for here, in the metropolis of England, the spectator may imagine himself revelling in all the scenery of this most favoured part of the globe, eight thousand miles from the mother country.

Mr. Peck's model was constructed on the spot, occupying the proprietor and several artists, upwards of four years in its completion. The various buildings are all perfectly represented in their relative proportion, from actual admeasurement, and in their peculiar features of stone, brick, wood, &c., with the various undulations of the ground; the different bays and inlets of water; the hills in the distance; the celebrated Mount Wellington, while uplifting its majestic head, o'ertopp'd with snow, and covered with the primitive Forest of Acacias, forming an imposing back-ground to the varied and busy scene.

This pleasing tableau must at all times be interesting, not only to the inquisitive eye of the stranger, but particularly to those who intend emigrating to this spot, or have friends residing there; for the formation and length of the streets are so distinct, as well as every part of the town, that with the assistance of the proprietor, who is at all times present to elucidate questions, parties may behold where their relations reside, or probably witness their own future locality.

Exclusive of the above model, there are two Moving Panoramas, of Sidney, the capital of New South Wales, and the picturesque scenery in the environs of Hobart Town.

We most heartily recommend this exhibition to the notice of those friends who may occasionally wish to pass an intellectual and pleasing hour.

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

(From Browning's *History of the Huguenots*.)

THE ringing of the bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois was answered by the bells of all the churches, and by a discharge of fire-arms in different parts. Paris resounded with cries and howlings, which brought the defenceless people out of their dwellings, not only unarmed, but half-naked. Some tried to gain Coligny's house, in the hope of obtaining protection, but the companies of guards quickly despatched them: the Louvre seemed to hold out a refuge; but they were driven away by men armed with spears and musketry. Escape was almost impossible; the numerous lights placed in the windows deprived them of the shelter which the darkness would have afforded them; and patrols traversed the streets in all directions, killing every one they met. From the streets they proceeded to the houses; they broke open the doors, and spared neither age, sex, nor condition. A white cross had been put in their hats to distinguish the Catholics; and some priests, holding a crucifix in one hand, and a sword in the other, preceded the murderers, and encouraged them in God's name to spare neither relatives nor friends. When the daylight appeared, Paris exhibited a most appalling spectacle of slaughter: the headless bodies were falling from the windows; the gateways were blocked up with dead and dying, and the streets were filled with carcasses which were drawn on the pavement to the river.

Even the Louvre became the scene of great carnage; the guards were drawn up in a double line, and the unfortunate Huguenots who were in that place were called one after another, and killed with the soldiers' halberds. Most of them died without complaining, or even speaking; others appealed to the public faith and the sacred promise of the king. "Great God!" said they, "be the defence of the oppressed. Just Judge! avenge this perfidy." Some of the King of Navarre's servants, who lived in the palace, were killed in bed with their wives.

Tavannes, Guise, Montpensier, and Angoulême, rode through the streets, encouraging the murderers; Guise told them that it was the king's wish; that it was necessary to kill the very last of the heretics, and crush the race of vipers. Tavannes ferociously exclaimed, "Bleed! bleed! The doctors tell us that bleeding is as beneficial in August as in May." These exhortations were not lost upon an enraged multitude, and the different companies emulated each other in atrocity. One Crucé, a goldsmith, boasted of having killed 400 persons with his own hands.

The massacre lasted during the whole week, but after the third day its fury was considerably abated; indeed, on the Tuesday a proclamation was issued for putting an end to it, but no measures were taken for enforcing the order; the people, however, were no longer

urged on to the slaughter. What horrors were endured during that time can be best described by those who were present or contemporaries. Sully gives the following account of his sufferings:—"I went to bed the over-night very early; I was aroused about three hours after midnight by the noise of the bells and the confused cries of the populace. St. Julien, my governor, went out hastily with my valet-de-chambre to learn the cause, and I have never since heard anything of these two men, who were, without doubt, sacrificed among the first to the public fury. I remained alone dressing myself in my chamber, where a few minutes after I observed my host enter, pale and in consternation. He was of the religion, and, having heard what was the matter, he had decided on going to mass to save his life, and preserve his house from plunder. He came to persuade me to do the same, and to take me with him. I did not think fit to follow him. I resolved on attempting to get to the college of Burgundy, where I studied, notwithstanding the distance of the house where I lived from that college, which made my attempt very dangerous. I put on my scholar's gown, and taking a pair of large Prayer-books under my arm, I went down stairs. I was seized with horror as I went into the street at seeing the furious men running in every direction, breaking open the houses, and calling out, 'Kill! massacre the Huguenots!' and the blood which I saw shed before my eyes redoubled my fright: I fell in with a body of soldiers, who stopped me: I was questioned; they began to ill treat me, when the books which I carried were discovered, happily for me, and served me for a passport. Twice afterwards I fell into the same danger, from which I was delivered with the same good fortune. At length I arrived at the college of Burgundy: a still greater danger awaited me there. The porter having twice refused me admittance, I remained in the middle of the street at the mercy of the ruffians, whose numbers kept increasing, and who eagerly sought for their prey; when I thought of asking for the principal of the college, named Dafaye, a worthy man, and who tenderly loved me. The porter, gained by some small pieces of money which I put into his hand, did not refuse to let him. This good man took me to his chamber, where two inhuman priests, whom I heard talk of the Sicilian Vespers, tried to snatch me from his hands, to tear me to pieces, saying that the order was to kill even the infants at the breast. All that he could do was to lead me with great secrecy to a remote closet, where he locked me in. I remained there three whole days, uncertain of my fate, and receiving no assistance but from a servant of this charitable man, who came from time to time and brought me something to live upon."

New Books.

Poems. By John Hanson. [Relfe and Fletcher.]

[“Our poesy is as a gum which oozes from whence ‘tis nourished,”—stands as the author’s motto, and as gums, say the naturalists, may ooze from the northern pine as from the sweet-drooping “Arabian trees,” we were curious to know from which our poet’s proceeded. Decidedly from the former. Let us not, however, be understood to say it in derogation, for in the dim arcades of the forest, under the shade of the pine, and its “solemn-swinging boughs,” the hermit-poet, though his themes be sombre, may be influenced by more hallowed conceptions of mind than was ever experienced by your fervid Oriental. Yet, after all, the shade may be too Stygian.

Of these poems, “The Resurrection,” opening with “Set thou a watch, and seal the stone,”—in, perhaps, the best: it is equally good with many an Oxford prize-poem, and its lines run in the same staid decameters.

Mr. Hanson’s muse is, however, so attached to “melancholy, the swart Ethiop queen,” that he cannot divest himself of heavy measures, even when sprightly subjects drop in: thus the subsequent poem is comparatively dull, while it would sparkle like a chrysolite, if set in Moore’s measures :—]

AFTER VICTOR HUGO.

Were I a king, sweet girl, my throne should be
Surrendered for one glance of love to thee;
My bds. of porphyry, my golden crown,
My ear, and sceptre, should be all thine own;
Unconquered armies, a triumphant fleet,
Their spoils should lay, and homage at thy feet.
Were I a God, earth, air, and ocean, then, &c., &c.

[Now let us try this “after Victor Hugo,”—mutatis mutandis, change we the Hansonian measure of tens into sevens, and guide ourselves by the devotion and vigour of the original :—]

Were I a King on a golden throne,
Sweet girl, that throne should be,
For one blue glance of thy glorious eye
Surrendered unto thee;
My purples, and plumes, and porphyry bds.,
My sceptres, and blasing crown,
Armies, and people, and royal fleets,
Should be all at thy feet cast down.

Were I a God, by the Gods I swear,
That the earth, and the air, and the world,
And the heavens, that in a golden tune
With the glittering spheres are whirled.
And the seraphim singing their sky-tuned hymns,
And the fiends in the fiery abyss,
O idol and queen of my soul of souls!
Should be thine for a single kiss.

But what should I give to clasp that form,
All rosy, and warm, and fair,
To ride thy lips, and to sport in thy smile,
And to ruffle thine hyacinth hair?
O nothing I know can gain me this,
Were I God, or a King on his throne,
Nothing can win for me this last grace,
But thine own free love alone.

* Timon of Athens.

Arts and Sciences.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN METALLURGY.

(From the Times.)

At a recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, M. Bequerel read, in the presence of a numerous auditory, a paper relating to one of the most important discoveries of modern times, namely, the application of the electro-chymical power to the art of metallurgy, especially as regards gold, silver, copper, and lead.

The following is an analysis of the memoir presented by M. Bequerel:—

The experiments relative to the application of the electro-chymical power to refining (*metallurgie*) of silver, copper, and lead, without the aid of quicksilver, and with little or no fuel, have been continued by M. Bequerel, with constant success: his operations were conducted upon a large scale, and embraced considerable quantities of ores derived from Europe, Asia, and America. The object of these researches, was, in the first place, the immediate separation (*reduction*) of the metals one from the other, and especially of silver and of lead from galena; an operation which is effected with so much rapidity, that, at the preparatory foundry in Paris, four pound’s weight of silver can now be drawn off in the metallated state from silver ore, in the space of six hours; secondly, the preparation which the ore is to undergo, so as to render each metal capable of being withdrawn by the electric current. This preparation varies according to the nature of the ore, presents no obstacle when the silver is in the metallic state, or in the nature of a sulphate, as usually occurs in Mexico and Peru; but it becomes more complicated when the silver is mixed with other substances; the use of a small quantity of combustible matter is then indispensable, in order to effect the roasting at a low temperature.

Ores are generally found in great quantities in those countries, but are for the most part, abandoned, owing to the want of sufficient fuel for effecting their amalgamation, or to their being found at too great a distance from the sea to transport them to Europe, unless at an enormous expense.

In Columbia, where large masses of gold and silver ore are found mixed with zinc, the richest are sometimes exported to Europe to be fused whilst the poorest, and those of a medium quality, are either rejected altogether, or used to so little advantage, that the mining companies lose by them. Exertions are now in progress for introducing the new methods, which are equally applicable to amalgamation, and to the electro-chymical process.

The silver ores, which are most difficult of amalgamation, are those which contain a large portion of copper and arsenic. Ores of this description are found in considerable quantity, especially in Chili, where the inhabitants fre-

quently offer them to Europeans, by whom they are sometimes taken for ballast, for want of freight, and without any certainty of turning them to advantage.

The great difficulty was, to be able to treat these substances in Europe, so as to obtain, in separate portions, and at little expense, all the silver, copper, and arsenic, they contained. This problem has just been solved in a satisfactory manner, and so as to secure immense advantages to new speculators, who will no longer have to contend with the obstacles met with by their predecessors.

On inquiring into the causes of the delay experienced in working the mines in America, it will be seen that the principal ones arise from the high price of quicksilver, and the great difficulty of draining the water by which the mines are inundated. This is not the case in Asia, in the Russian possessions, which are rich in mineral productions, and yield larger profits from day to day, in consequence of the introduction of the improvements lately adopted in Europe for reducing metallic ores. In the silver mines of Altai, the expenses for extracting the ore, process of reduction, and of the establishment, do not amount to a quarter of the rough produce, although the ore in general is of slight tenacity. These advantages are owing to moderate price of labour, the abundant supply of combustible matter, and substances required in the fusing, and which are not to be had in America, especially in Mexico and the Cordilleras.

The electro-chymical process can be easily applied to the ores at Altai; however, in countries where sufficient fuel is at hand, and salt cannot be procured, the fusing operation will be always preferred, except in cases of complex ores, which often exercise the ingenuity of metallurgists.

There are but few silver mines worked in Russia. The only ones of importance are those of Altai, Nertchinsk, and those of the Caucasus, and the Ural; but the great source of mineral riches in that kingdom, consists, principally, of the gold and platina-dust, (sands) the washing of which, engrosses the chief attention of the Government. This process, though methodically conducted, is very imperfect, for a large quantity of the gold contained in the sand is lost; the proceeds, however, are considerable; during the last year, no less than 12,200lb. were obtained, upwards of 800,000*l.* value.

The argentiferous and auriferous galense which have been subjected to the electro-chymical process, are perfectly fit for the extraction of gold and silver by washing. This method requires that the ore should be pulverized and roasted, so as to separate the metal from the pyrites and other compounds which detain it. The silver and lead being removed, the ore, thus reduced to about half its weight, can be washed with the greatest facility, and one man can wash several hundred pounds per day. This method was tried with the

galense, (very argentiferous) discovered a few years since at St. Santin Cantalés, in the department of Cantal, and which yielded not more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ grains of gold in every 200lb. of ore, with 30 per cent of lead. But, upon adopting the electro-chymical process, the same quantity of ore produced something more than three drachms of gold. From this important result, it is supposed that the rocks in that part of the country are auriferous, as might also be inferred from the name of the place, Aurilac (*auri lacus*). Another great advantage of the electro-chymical method is, that it enables the metallurgist to separate, those portions of ore which contain gold, silver, &c., from those which contain none.

M. Bequerel then alluded to the other uses to which electricity might be applied in the manufacture of metals, especially in the art of gilding silver and copper, as also for taking impressions in copper, of medals, bassi reliefs, and engravings.

The learned academician concluded by observing that this new and highly important power was only in its infancy, and that it would be impossible to foresee the immense services it was likely to render to the arts.

QUESAL OF AMERICA.

The birds of Central America are deservedly celebrated for their great variety, and the extraordinary beauty of their plumage. Amongst the most conspicuous, is the quusal, or *Trogon resplendens*, which is to be found only in the wild and remote regions of Central America, and the south of Mexico. Those frequenting the forests of Quesal-tonango, from which they derive their name, are much the finest. This bird is of the shape and size of a pigeon. Its plumage is of a metallic golden green, except that of the wings which is spotted with a brilliant red and black. The head is adorned with a soft silky crest of short barred feathers, of a beautiful green. But the distinguishing feature of this bird, and that which constitutes its peculiarity and beauty, is the plumage of its tail, which consists of three or four loose wavy feathers of a rich green, powdered with gold. These feathers are barred, and about three feet long. They used to be worn by the aborigines of America, as ornaments for the head. When deprived of the ornament of its tail, the quusal seems sensible of the injury: it sickens and dies. Such is the importance it attaches to this part of its gorgeous dress, that the nest it makes is provided with two apertures, one for egress, the other for regress, in order to avoid the necessity of turning, by which the feathers of its tail might be broken or disordered. For the same reason it seldom makes a short or sudden turn. The Indians held it sacred, and used to say that the Creator, when he formed the world, assumed the form of a quusal.—*Montgomery Martin's Journey to Guatemala.*

THE MIRROR.

HISTORY OF SAWS.

The invention of the saw has been by the Greek mythologists attributed to Daedalus, Talus, and Perdix.

Talus was the son of Daedalus's sister, and, having found the jaw-bone of a snake, he employed it to cut through a small piece of wood, and by these means was induced to form a like instrument of iron, that is, to make a saw.

Perdix, we are told, did not employ for a saw the jaw-bone of a snake like Talus, but, according to Ovid and others, the back-bone of a fish.*

An early writer, describing Cadomosto's voyage to Africa, does indeed state that the old inhabitants of Madeira really used this bone for a saw; but this statement is only one degree less ridiculous than that of the veracious Olaus Magnus, who states that the fish itself can with this instrument cut through the planking of a ship!

That the saws of the Grecian carpenters were pretty similar in form to those at present in use is satisfactorily inferred from a painting found at Heroulanum, in which two genii are represented at the end of a bench, consisting of a long table, each end of which rests upon two four-footed stools. The instrument in this representation resembles our frame-saw. The piece of wood which is to be sawn, extends beyond the end of the bench, and one of the workmen appears standing, and the other sitting on the ground. This is, probably, the most ancient authentic voucher for the early existence of an instrument resembling our common saw extant.

Figures of two ancient saws have been given by Montfaucon, though too imperfectly delineated to allow their peculiar formation to be distinguished.

Palladius describes saws fastened to a handle; and Cicero, in his oration for Cluentius, incidentally mentions one with which an ingenious thief sawed out the bottom of a chest.

Since the fourteenth century, if not earlier, the working of large saws, with a reciprocating motion, by means of water-power, has been more or less common in various parts of Europe, especially in Germany, Norway, and, at a later period, in this country.

A succinct account of these early saw-mills, will not here be out of place.

In 1322, according to Beckmann, there were, so early as this period, saw-mills at Augsburg.

In 1420, Madeira was discovered, and, when settlers were first sent out to that island, not only were the various kinds of European fruits carried thither, but saw-mills were erected for the purpose of cutting into deals the many spe-

* The plain case appears to be simply this:—the ancient poets and historians, finding in the structure of various animals parts somewhat resembling the saw in use among them, fancifully pursued the analogy, and, by a natural and easy fiction, transposing cause and effect, they referred to the origin what properly belonged to the illustration of the idea.

cies of excellent timber with which the island abounded, and which were afterwards transported to Portugal.

In 1427, the city of Breslau had a saw-mill, which produced the yearly rent of three merks.

In 1490, the magistrates of Erfurt purchased a forest, in which they caused a saw-mill to be erected, and they rented another mill in the neighbourhood besides.

In 1530, the first saw-mill was erected in Norway, which is covered with forests.

In 1545, this mode of manufacturing timber was called the "new art," and, because the exportation of deals was, by means thereof, much increased, this circumstance gave occasion to the deal tithe imposed by Christian III. in that year.

In 1555, the Bishop of Ely, ambassador from Mary, Queen of England to the Court of Rome, having seen a saw-mill in the neighbourhood of Lyons, the writer of his travels thought it worthy of a particular description, from which it appears that the motion of the blade was perpendicular; "For," says the account, "the wheel, being turned with the force of water, hoisted up and down the saw."

Peter the Great introduced the saw into Russia. For this purpose, policy was necessary. The czar, during his residence in England, and while employed as a carpenter in one of our dock-yards, had, in all probability, both seen the advantages of the saw, and used it with his own hands.

On his return to St. Petersburg, the capital of his dominions, among other things that attracted his attention, as requiring reform, was the practice of riving timber. Peter saw the necessity of introducing a more rational mode. Instead, however, of interdicting the old method, he imposed a duty upon all the split timber that was floated down the Neva, while sawn deals were exempted from the impost; by this course, the rude practice of riving was soon superseded by the more effective operation of the saw wrought by machinery.

In 1600, these mills became general, in which, by working several saws parallel to each other, a plank was at once cut into several deals. The Dutch have claimed the invention of this improvement, and a great number of saw-mills of this kind might formerly be seen at Saardam in Holland.

In 1653, however, the first mill of this last description, is believed to have been erected in Sweden; one of the wonders of which kingdom in this, was a mill, having the water-wheel twelve feet broad, and giving motion to seventy-two saws.

Saw-mills, on their introduction into England, had to encounter the fullest measure of opposition from the prejudice existing against all kinds of machinery among some classes of workmen. The sawyers apprehended that they should be deprived of their labour and their bread, and on this account their hostility was determined.

In 1663, even so early as this, on account of

the opposition of the workmen, it was found necessary to abandon a saw-mill which had been set up by a Dutchman in the neighbourhood of London; and about half a dozen years afterwards, when John Houghton laid before the nation the advantages of such a mill, he expressed, at the same time, his apprehension that it might excite the rage of the populace.

In 1767-8, what Houghton dreaded, appears actually to have taken place, when an opulent timber-merchant, by the desire and with the approbation of the Society of Arts, caused a saw-mill, driven by wind, to be erected at Limehouse, under the direction of James Stanfield, who had learned in Holland the art of constructing and managing machinery of this kind. A mob assembled and pulled the mill to pieces; but the damage was made good by the nation, and some of the rioters were punished. A new mill was, however, erected, and after it several others, which were suffered to work without molestation. These outrages are now obsolete.

In these mills, and those which rapidly succeeded them in different parts of the United Kingdom, the saws moved with a reciprocating motion, similar to their operation as we see them managed by two men at a pit in the ordinary manner.

Of late years the efficiency of machinery for this purpose has been amazingly extended by the application of the circular saw, especially in the business of cutting boards, spars, brushwood, ship's blocks, veneers, and every other light description of work.

A BROKEN-HEARTED MONARCH.

KING JAMES the fifth of Scotland, had rendered himself so unpopular by his mal-administration, that his nobles refused to undertake an expedition against England. Some were, however, prevailed upon to favour his wishes, and an army was collected. Though he permitted the Lord Maxwell, who had planned that expedition, to conduct the army to the border, yet he had given a secret commission to one Oliver Sinclair, one of his hated favourites, to take the chief command as soon as the army entered England. The moment this was known, the noblemen and principal gentlemen resolved to give themselves up as prisoners to the English, than fight under the banner of so contemptible a leader, or to expose themselves to the fury of their infatuated sovereign. The English advanced and took as many prisoners as they chose, without a single drop of blood being spilt.

The news of this most disgraceful affair threw the king into a perturbation, and depression of spirits, from which he never recovered. Next day he went to Edinburgh, then his palace at Falkland, where excluding all company, except a few of his favourite domestics, through want of sleep and anguish

of mind, he was soon confined to bed. When in this condition, the news arrived that his queen was delivered of a princess at Linlithgow. But this gave him no comfort, "The kingdom," he exclaimed, "came with a woman, and it will go with a woman. The English will either conquer the kingdom in her minority, or will acquire it by marriage." He expired in a short time. Such was the death of the father of the beautiful, but unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots.

ACCIDENT OF A FRENCH AERONAUT.
THE wings even of angels do not always bear them safe, for Satan, "Prince of the Powers of the Air," if Milton be testimony, "fell plumb down ten thousand fathoms," in the murky kingdoms of Chaos, spite of his "sail-broad vans."

Mr. Green, who has made upwards of two hundred ascents, without receiving "scathe or scratch," was wofully dragged by his "demon-balloon" many a hazardous league, last week. The novelty of relating that circumstance has passed away, therefore, making only dutiful mention of it, tell we of another.

Sieur Lartet, on the 3rd ult., at Toulouse, had advertised an aerial voyage in his vast Montgolfier for the evening.

The crowd was dense; the atmosphere perfectly serene; and, from the locality of Salenques, uprose the intrepid aeronaut.

But the air of the upper regions, the most fluctuating of all the elements, with its currents, streams, shifting, and equilibriums, damaged in some unexplainable manner the aerostat's machine, and he and it, from an enormous height, continued falling to the earth with lightning-like rapidity.

Arrived perpendicularly over the Place du Pont, a current of air suddenly swept him towards the Quartier des Marchands, and at last, amid the cries of anguish of the whole population, he fell upon the house-top of a grocer. The car in which he sat was there shattered to atoms, and Lartet fell from the height of the third story, and was dashed upon the pavement of the court.

When assistance arrived he was wild and incoherent; and the source from whence our information is derived,* doubts if he be yet living.

But the calamity did not end here. It appears that Lartet, to preserve for as long a time as he could, the hot air in his Montgolfier, had suspended in its interior, sponges well saturated with the inflamed spirits of wine. This spirits of wine had communicated the flame to the mass of linen and paper which composed part of the aerostatic framework.

The frightened spectators drew the cords, and the balloon fell into a narrow court which it filled with flames, and barrels of spirit and oil, which augmented the devastation of the fire.

* The Courier de l'Europe.

The Gatherer.

War.—War is showy at a distance, fearful when at hand; as the cape, which was hailed with joy by the discoverors, and named the Cape of Good Hope, was found, when they sailed near it, to deserve no better name than the "Cape of Storms."

Birds sing less in August, than any other month.—*Jesse.*

At the recent sale of articles of Virtù, by Christie and Manson, belonging to Prince Louis Buonaparte, the original bust of Napoleon when Consul, by Canova, inscribed with the date 1804, on scagliola pedestal and black marble plinth, was then sold for 282*l.* 11*s.* It was a very fine piece of sculpture.

Emigration of Indians.—A very extraordinary "sign of the times," in the emigration department, has recently occurred. A body of 5,000 Indians have crossed from the United States' territories and sought refuge and rest in Upper Canada. Many of these are said to have sufficient means for settling down comfortably.

An Ear-Anatomist.—Soemmerius dissected ten thousand ears in the course of his experiments.

The Schloss.—This palace, so named—the vast and magnificent pile usually inhabited by the Prussian Kings, is nearly large enough to lodge commodiously all the sovereigns of Europe at once.—*Letter from Berlin.*

Religion.—Pietist is the ambrosia-bread of the ancients, to partake of which gave immortality.

Publishing at Paris.—There were published last year in the French capital, 6,803 books in different languages; 976 engravings and lithographs; 173 maps, and more than 1,000 pieces of music.

The manufacture of buttons has at length reached the *ne plus ultra* of perfection. An ingenious Frenchman has invented a button, in which the principle of nut and screw is applied, so that, without a stitch, buttons may be far more securely, as well as more speedily, put upon clothes than in the ordinary way; and those who have not souls above buttons may, if they please, have half-a-dozen suits of buttons to each suit of clothes, the top being screwed on to the shank.—*Birmingham Advertiser.*

Geological Discovery.—Near the bottom of the green sand in the vicinity of Hythe, have recently been noticed portions of a large saurian, supposed to be a *iguanaodon*.

Gold in France.—M. Bocquerel has found a considerable quantity of gold in the sand of Cantal, near Aurillac. The rock in which it occurs is mica slate.

The Nineteenth-Century.—Our age is a volcanic island which glows, moves, destroys, and trembles.

Failings of Women.—The faults of women come from too great tenderness, and are like spots on the moon, flowery plains.

Grotto and Colossi at Naples.—Letters from Naples announce the discovery, on the south-east slope of the hill of Pausilippo, of a new grotto, apparently of great depth, which is almost filled with sand and rubbish. About four hundred paces from the entrance are twelve colossal marble statues, buried to the shoulders in the rubbish; the heads of these are sadly mutilated.

Enthusiastic Naturalists.—In the eyes of zealous naturalist, wild beasts have unspeakable charms: their loveliness increases with their size; they are interesting in proportion as they are dangerous and untameable; and the coy savages are dodged by the enamoured zoologist with a perseverance, from which they have no chance of escape but by jumping out of their skins.

Our life, beginning with first love, opens like the church service with music, and afterwards comes teaching and repentance.

Amorousness of Poets.—A poet without love is a physical and metaphysical impossibility.—*T. Carlyle.*

Suicides form a larger proportion of the deaths among the Dragoon Guards and Dragoons in the United Kingdom, than any other description of force—a fact, which is in some measure accounted for by Major Tulloch's supposition that a large class of persons enlist in these corps, who have, from dissipation, been reduced from a higher sphere of life, and on whom the mental condition tends powerfully to lead to self-destruction.—*Public Health and Mortality—Quarterly Review*, No. cxxxii.

The priests in Abyssinia are clothed in bright yellow raiment.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Accepted.—“*Rosabelle*”—“*Song to Cupid*”—T.
H. A. Anecdotes from the French.

Rejected.—“*The Ballad-singer, a Tale*”—“*To Anna*”—“*The Fall of the Leaf*”—“*Illustration of the Negative Quality*”—“*Inferno*”—“*Life, a Poem*”—“*To Home*”—“*The Prescribed*”—“*Sonnet from the Italian*,” by R. B.—“*F. S.*,” as reprints of poems are seldom or ever inserted.

Many other favours are under consideration.
The seal of Miss Fitzwalter is in the Engraver's hands.

Mr. Martin is respectfully informed that all contributions are gratuitous. The copy and engraving are left for him at the Office.

We much approve of papers on the “*Spectator*” plan, but the one kindly submitted is little more than a prospectus. Condensed papers on any definite subject, would much gratify us.

Laura G. R.—is at liberty to send any original papers.

Correspondents are again requested to affix dates to their communications.

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